

THE
FEMALE PROSELYTE
A
SAD BACK-SLIDER:
A
Burlesque P O E M,
IN
HUDIBRASTICK VERSE.

Humbly inscribed to the Reverend Dean *Swift*.

*Like all her Sex, she had the Knack
Of, often, falling on her Back. Hist. of an Old Shoe.*

*Difficile est Satiram non Scribere. Nam, quis iniquæ
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se? Juv. Sat. I.*

The hardest Task of all, 'egad,
Is, *not to write*; the Town's so bad!



L O N D O N:
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FEMALE PROSTITUTE

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SAD RACISTIDER

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Sept. 30, 1911



W. O. W.



The Female Profelyte, &c.



E toping cits, by morn who whet,
Scarce wake before your dose ye get ;
Who soak whole days at ale or port,
Altho' ye oft pay dearly for't ;

Until your home ye cannot find,
Nor see the world, ye are so blind,
More than the little sneaking pup,
Whose eyes, six days, are quite shut up ;
Repair to me, for, I remark
What's done in publick and the dark ;
I'll teach you truth without a fee,
I pity those who cannot see !
The L - - d have mercy on the poor-
Blind ; for, they know not their own door !
Nor when they're wrong, nor when they're right,
They walk by faith, and not by sight !

Few days I pass without a walk,
Nor ever did my fancy baulk ;

Of late I took a careful view,
And saw the conduct of a few.

Beheld a P—tr—t of great note
Address'd by men, who speak by rote.

They told him ; Sir, we long have wanted
 A favour, and, we hope, you'll grant it ;
 'Tis what your H——r soon can do,
 If common cant, or talk, be true.

On that, he gently stept aside,
 And whisper'd (if he's not bely'd)
 Pray, what's the favour, ye demand ?
 'Tis granted you, if here I stand,
 In case, 'tis in my pow'r to do't ;
 If not ; — I beg ye'll drop your suit ;
 But, take my word, there's none more fervent
 To be your most obedient servant.

The suplicants said, 'tis our request
 You'll move for nulling of the T—— ;
 'Tis hard, that hungry stomachs shou'd
 Be bound, by rule, to eat their pud ;
 Consider ; 'tis as great a grief,
 As if we'd laws for eating beef ;
 The truth, good Sir, we cannot smother,
 One is unjust as is the other ;
 We therefore hope, you will relieve us
 From injuries so sad and grievous.

The P—tr—t said, ye know as well
 As I, your R—ver—ces can tell,
 That pud-rules were made and intended,
 That C—— and S—— might be defended,
 And therefore should be well observ'd,
 Or, he that breaks them shou'd be starv'd.
 If one won't eat like other people,
 Then let him not come nigh a Steeple ;
 Or if he thinks the knee is painful,
 Or looks but cring' and disdainful ;

At home e'en let him eat his skin-full,
 And nothing do, that's mean or sinful.
 Most sure I am, ye have no right
 Of our pud, as ye please, to bite,
 It for our family was made,
 The master's rules who still obey'd;
 And not for such stiff rumps as you,
 Who never wou'd good breeding shew:
 What! Wou'd ye rob us? Wou'd ye? Z—ks!
 Or have the goods of other folks?
 No; no; — That will not do, 'egad,
 It wou'd be base, unjust and bad;
 For, tho' a landlord may be able
 To give his folks a common table;
 Yet if he sends no victuals ready,
 One need not give a scrap to's daddy;
 But may eat wholly by himself,
 And, what he leaves, lay on the shelf,
 Or make dad stand without the door,
 (As most folks do unto the poor)
 Or, if he comes in, show good breeding,
 The least he shou'd do, if he's needing.

Ye know too, — When the roads ye travel,
 'Bout victuals ye are apt to cavil;
 Some are for this sort, some for that,
 And some for lean meat, some for fat;
 But after all, when ye have try'd it,
 The case, by most folks, is decided,
 Or, order'd by the major party,
 Yet, then ye cram and stuff as hearty,
 As if ye had your own election,
 Which of good manners shows perfection,

And that ye're condescending pupils,
Who don't stand out for idle scruples ;
But are content with what is wholesome,
Or is not poisonous or fulsome.

Besides, I fancy I have catch'd you,
For, take me, if I have not watch'd you ;—
'Egad,—— ye still had a good swallow,
When any benefit did follow ;
Ne'er minded what ye now call conscience,
Pho ! —— that ye reckon'd downright nonsense ;
Ay, f——th ; —— ye'd yield to any posture,
Humble as that of *Pater Noster* ;
Cou'd ye but get a penny more,
To help to pay the V——ntn——r's score.

Nor, can I think, ye are such fools,
To be against maintaining rules
For eating a right * *Pistum Fartum*,
Made *a la Mode, Secundum Artem*.
Without this, where wou'd be good breeding ?
Sure none at all ; much less good feeding ;
Since ev'ry hung'ry Papish wou'd,
As well as ye, 'ave at the pud ;
And take such mortal fliving cuts,
We oft might rise with empty guts :
'Tis well known they make a mass
Without once calling for a glass ;
Which shows good stomachs, ye must think,
When they can eat so without drink.
Sure, ye must see, it really does :
Why shou'd ye then make such a phuss ?

* In English, a baked pudding.

Ha, ha ; — ye'd have the ready rhino,
That is the case ; — ay, full well I know.

But, lo ! 'tis just come i' my head,
I wou'd advise you, with all speed,
To drive at Bab'lon's scarlet whore,
That plagues mankind all the world o'er ;
And do your business as ye shou'd,
Nor spare th' old dame, nor spurious brood,
But headlong to the D——l send her,
With all the bantlings that attend her :
This done ; — ye may live at your ease,
And ram down pudding as ye please ;
But, till it be, it were a jest
To talk of nulling of the T——,
Since Papishes wou'd be a public pest.

Agreed, cried one ; agreed, cried t'other,
It is a glorious thought, dear brother ;
It is, Z——ds, 'tis, I say again,
As e'er was hatch'd in human brain.
The man speaks well ; nor shall you find
A P——tr——t so good and kind.
Some may boast P—— as they please,
But B—— deserves to wear the bays ;
He has the longest, best turn'd head,
Of any one e'er *Albion* bred ;
He has ; so we will set about it ;
And Popery shall at once be routed ;
Then shall we have whereof to boast,
And all our friends a glorious post ;
For, sure as death, the Pope's interment
Will ope a door to our preferment.

Thus

Thus in the work they all engag'd,
 With might and main a war was wag'd ;
 A brisk pen-war, it was no less,
 To sacrifice his Holiness,
 With each Arch-Bishop, Bishop, Priest,
 (Most arch, good f - - th, altho' a jest)
 And lay their doughty heads as low,
 As is the ground whereon we go :
 Each making a prodigious pother,
 Some driving one way, some another ;
 Said one, our cousin Jack, who stept in-
 To th' jobbing trade, shall be a captain.
 Tom may go into the excise,
 Ne'er mind what post, — he soon shall rise ;
 Oh ! these are glorious gospel-days !
 L—d grant that they may last always !
 Brother, — they're what we long have wanted,
 And for which—often—groan'd—and—grunted ;
 I knew, that things wou'd just be so,
 By spiritual experience ; — oh ! —
 So true it is, a brother faith, —
 Works serve no end ; — No ; — all is F—th !
 Some doubtless, hence, will call him lazy ; —
 But, they might say as well, he's cr—zy.

A while I stood as a spectator,
 To see the issue of the matter ;
 But, after several guns were fir'd,
 And they had vollied, till nigh tir'd ;
 The mighty champion was, I found,
 Too strong for them, and stood his ground ;
 Nor seem'd to value all their ruffs,
 More than so many little puffs :

Cried

Cried I, — in vain your strength ye spend,
 Ye have not skill his days to end ;
 Nor is it fair, if I don't judge ill,
 None for him shou'd take up the cudgel.

So, gentlemen, now with your leave,
 Why all this mighty stir, I crave ?
 Popery's not like the Turks religion,
 Which, some say, was taught by a pigeon ;
 No, no, my friends, ye're very wrong,
 And quite mistaken in the song :
 If ye but hark to what I say,
 I'll prove my argument this way,
 And shew you truth in its true colour,
 If not, then say, I am no scholar,
 Or don't philosophize, but smatter,
 Nor e'er was bred at *Alma Mater*.
 And here I undertake to prove,
 The P—pe's infallible as Jove.

First then you'll grant me, I believe,
 That several objects sense deceive ;
 We think we have 'em, but they're lost,
 Or vanish like *Anchise's* ghost,
 That falsly shew'd in human charms,
 And fled the hero's grasping arms.
 They're lubricous, and soon evade,
 As does the artful slippery shade,
 That scorns the force of flesh and blood,
 And flees whatever way it wou'd.

I've in a watry medium looked,
 And seen a straight stick seem like crooked,
 Especially when the sun shin'd ;
 And, that it's ever so, I find ;

Since *Phæbus* only by his light,
 Existent objects brings to fight;
 He can't create, else he were God,
 The very thought of which were odd.

I've known, too, in an airy mean,
 Where nothing watry cou'd be seen,
 (Ev'n when there was not any sun-shine,
 Nor pallid light resembling moon-shine)
 A straight clean girl to be Miss-taken,
 For an old dame, who was forsaken,
 Or for her Hudibraſtick ſhoulders,
 Or riſing ſtern, or curve upholders,
 Or two ſtraight legs, that mimic crutches,
 Or for a nymph, like whom none ſuch is,
 The very glory of her ſex,
 Exceeding any thing in wax;
 Which proves, although you make wry faces,
 That mediums do not alter caſes,
 And, notwithſtanding your pretences,
 That we ſhou'd not believe our ſenſes.

Then, ſecondly, ye know full well,
 That reaſon is infallible,
 And never ſubject to deceit,
 Unleſs ſenſe does impoſe the cheat.
 Thus ſenſe ſays, things eſcape the fight,
 Becauſe they're ſmall, which is not right;
 For reaſon and experience too
 Prove, by demonſtration, 'tis moſt true.
 It is becauſe objects are great,
 They can't be ſeen at any rate,
 And that it's eaſier, now-a-days,
 Let's e'er ſo cloſely hark or gaze,

To

To see or hear of nought at all,
 Than any great things that befall ;
 Or be it fate, or be't ill-luck,
 Still nothing clever can we brook :
 The world in sense is funk and drown'd,
 And none but little things are found,
 The great are buried and unseen,
 Or lie conceal'd behind the screen.

From premisses so just and true,
 Conclusions follow in a clue.

As first, by all your own concessions,
 Your catechisms, and Kirk-confessions,
 The Pope's allow'd to have no sense ;
 And therefore I infer from hence,
 That he infallible must be,
 A point ye can't deny to me,
 If ye but minded what I said,
 Or listen'd to the reasoning thread.

Again, 'tis plain to every man,
 There are, o'course, more Popes than one,
 Since many gentlemen can cope,
 For senselessness with *Rome's* great Pope ;
 Who, tho' they're not so high in station,
 Like him have parts and occupation,
 Which they improve so rarely well,
 They prove themselves infallible,
 And may be trusted any where,
 They can't deceive you, never fear ;
 For why ? Because, in every feature,
 Sense is deficient ; as in nature,
 Where the grand-dame met with emunctions,
 That marr'd her in some of her functions,

And

And made her spring with such hey-dey,
 She made it up another way.
 Besides they always are, or toping,
 Or over popish books fit moping,
 Until for connoisseurs they pass,
 And grow as learn'd as *Bala'm's* ass,
 Whom none can vie with, by relation,
 Except the P—pe, for inspiration,
 Which soon will make the simplest elf
 Learn'd, as his holiness himself,
 And gain him honour, fame, esteem, and pelf.

Again it follows, *Transubstanti'*
 I'n't, as it's thought, an idle fancy :
 For, if the world ye well survey,
 Ye'll find things changing ev'ry day,
 Nay, running in a constant flux,
 As if well powder'd for the p—x,
 Or purging after *W—d's* fine pill,
 A Med'cine, or to cure or kill ;
 And which, its motions if you stop,
 Transforms both into pill and drop.
 No emblem surely of the mass,
 While wood is different from glass,
 And one for t'other cannot pass.

Nor ought it to be thought so strange,
 Since men as well as things do change.
 He, who of late, with faction fir'd,
 Turns p—tri—t, and is much admir'd,
 And he, who don't regard his word,
 Is paid devotion like a L—d,
 Extoll'd to such a high degree,
 That none is thought so great as he,

None

None deem'd so prudent, learn'd, or wise,
 None such at least in vulgar eyes:
 But gradually the man decays,
 And feels defects of L—dly praise.
 Alack! instead of rising higher,
 He falls down to a Country Sq—re,
 Who is each fawning fellow's cousin,
 And hunts Whig-foxes by the dozen;
 From Sq—re, again, down to a cook,
 Who now and then looks in a book,
 And while the jack turns round the spit,
 Or cuts a slice, or reads a bit,
 Until he learns (ingenious spark!)
 To count threescore, and make his mark,
 Ev'n tho' he always must be jackish,
 Whene'er his guests are mortal packish.

The man, again, who was a beggar,
 Thro' sturdiness, in silk shall swagger;
 Nor can one say, to sing his fame,
 He ever is, one day, the same,
 But always changes by degrees,
 Till to his utmost height he rise.
 First, like an ass, he hangs his head,
 And bears his load until (poor lad!)
 Therewith he is severely maul'd,
 And finds his shoulders sadly gall'd!
 This will not do, he swears by Harry,
 I'll buy four-footed ass, to carry
 What I with two feet cannot bear,
 Suppose it costs me e'er so dear.
 His stock increasing more and more,
 Nor ass with two feet, nor with four,

Can do the job, — he opes his purse,
 To *Smithfield* goes, and buys a horse.
 The horse unable to go thro'
 The work, he next provides him two,
 And so from town to town he passes,
 Till neither horses do, nor asses.
 At last when neither can perform,
 Thinks he, I'll e'en live snug and warm;
 He takes a house, gets cat and dog,
 And next to these a plumpish hog,
 Immediately claps up a sign,
 These words inscrib'd, *Goods Superfine*.
 The hog's penn'd up behind the door,
 Until it grows a little poor,
 He gets it drest (but kills it first)
 And feeds until he's like to burst;
 This done, thanks heaven with uplift eyes,
 And begs there may be no *Excise*;
 So off he struts; — looks o'er his books,
 And grows as learn'd as *John o'Nokes*;
 Then thinks himself to be, in short,
 Above K —, P — t, and C — t.

Nay, he of old who wore a knot,
 Owes to his shoulders all he's got,
 Who us'd to trudge thro' thick and thin,
 With heavy load a grig to win;
 Walking incurvate, and in fear,
 Crying G—d bless you, Sir, take care,
 Intreating ev'ry one, went faster,
 Oh! do not touch me, my good master;
 (For horses then were few in number,
 And asses only carried lumber)

Shall

Shall now affect to walk upright,
 Altho', still obvious to the sight,
 You may behold, when it is dark,
 Of carriage, which he bore, the mark;
 Ev'en he, who never saw his picture,
 He was a P---rt---r, might conjecture.
 Yet shall the man, from downright ass,
 Thro' dint of cash, for a gent pass;
 And, his original to screen,
 Bucephalus shall make his sign;
 Nay, further,----shall he beau it out,
 With cane and rings, show gay and stout,
 Want nothing to complete his airs,
 Except a tilter, which he fears,
 Unbred to use it, therefore never wears. }
 But, ignorance of this fine art,
 Prevents him not to act what part
 (Or right or wrong) he takes in head,
 Without remorse, or fear, or dread.
 Too great, 'cause rich, to heed the laws
 Of virtue;—be't said to his praise,
 By dint of logick he can conjure,
 And fairly prove, he does not injure
 His brother trade, nor commit stealth,
 Tho' daily robs him of his wealth:
 How so? you'll ask: why, he will say,
 Because he nothing brings away;
 For thoughts and models, you will find,
 Are only pictures in the mind;
 And while th'objects, which these produce,
 Ar'n't carried off, there's no abuse.

Tho'

Tho' this I fancy, by the by,
 Will fornication justify,
 For, I have heard some say of late,
 You nothing bring away by that,
 Unless thro' rashness, you should hap,
 Unluckily to get a cl—p.

There's nothing in the world at all,
 That is one hour identical,
 Nothing that's permanent or sure,
 Nothing that firmly does endure;
 Which caus'd a fam'd philosopher,
 Who in his words did seldom err,
 T'affirm, there is no man, that ever
 Twice wades, or rides, thro' the same river;
 The stream is gone which once ran by,
 Another comes, else all were dry,
 As is the drunkard's parched throat,
 When, to buy ale, he han't a groat.

Nay, ev'n the very grass that grows,
 Is turn'd, as ev'ry body knows,
 Into the flesh of several creatures
 Of various species, shapes, and features;
 To-day it blooms with verdant pomp,
 To-morrow forms it in a lump;
 Nor can it long its verdure keep,
 It soon becomes part of a sheep,
 E'er many days are past, of man,
 Or of his flesh, which is all one,
 The reason why some are so sheepish,
 Such heavy D—ces,—and still hippish,
 Like D—, who oft feeds on mutton,
 And values not the C—t a button;

Since

Since when pursu'd, he can run o'er,
 For safety, to a foreign shore,
 A trick which some have play'd before. }

This thought, that nothing's long the same,
 Shews, that it's hard to prove a claim
 To goods or chattels, house or home,
 To wife or mistress, bed or room.

And hence it comes, thro' all the nation,
 We have such proofs of fornication :
 Youngsters, altho' 'tis seldom known,
 Mistake the maids beds for their own,
 Nor see their error, they're so shallow,
 Till they fall flat o'er a bedfellow,
 And tumble down as in a coal-pit,
 Just like a N---c---n in a P--lp--t ;
 When longer on he cannot pass,
 He lays the blame upon the lass ;
 As if the stoppage, or the blunder,
 Was owing to the thing lay under.

Thus if *Dick's* wife, when he's abroad,
 But coughs a-bed ('tis somewhat odd !)
Jack Dapper roundly swears, egad,
 His mate already down is laid :
 He calls to her, I'm coming, dear,
 I stay but for a draught of beer,
 This drank, I'll come—so, to her goes ;
 Without mistrust, throws off his cloaths,
 Lies down, nor e'er discerns the cheat,
 Until perhaps 'tis broad day-light ;
 Ev'n tho' *Dick's* wife has longer legs,
 He never questions but they're *Pegg's* ;

And so betwixt 'em both together,
 A child is got, and *Dick's* the father;
 Be fure he is; — and at its birth,
 There's nought but banqueting and mirth;
 G--d keep it (with a buf) cries one,
 He is indeed his dad's own fon; —
 Ay, marry is it, fays another, —
 It has no features of its mother; ---
 Blefs me! — but did you ever fee,
 Two nofes fo exactly 'gree?
 As like pappa he is (L--d love him!)
 As if the dear were cut out of him.

From what's been faid, I could draw cargoes,
 Of *Ideo's*, *Igitur's*, and *Ergo's*,
 But really I don't love *Imbargo's*.

'Tis juft enough to fay, that penance
 Is not againft the G--fp--l canons,
 That croffing too, and Purgatory,
 Are things ye daily fee before ye;
 And as for right good holy water,
 'Tis what maids ev'ry morning fcatter,
 In ev'ry country, place, or land,
 Before they take their beads in hand;
 And tho' they make it fomewhat warm,
 When well defign'd, it does no harm.
 So now, if you've maturely weigh'd,
 The fubftance of what I have faid,
 You'll own, I'm fure, at leaft I hope,
 The true religion of the P—pe;
 Nor ever dare to fpeak, much lefs
 To rail againft his Holinefs.

Ye've

Ye've made no Profelytes but one,
 And she, you'll find, will soon be gone ;
 When once a skillful Priest has try'd her,
 She'll prove, what ye call a Back-slider.

So it fell out, for the next day—
 A holy father came our way,
 The female convert took to task,
 And several questions her did ask ;
 Mounted her tub, by way of rostrum,
 And then dispens'd his sov'rain nostrum.

Without e'er mentioning the text,
 I shall just tell you what came next.

Quoth he, I beg that you may turn,
 It is a woful case to burn,
 Most lamentable, that's most sure !
 Think'st thou, can flesh and blood endure?—
 No ; 'tis as bad as Purgatory!—
 They'll tell you 'tis an idle story ;
 Ne'er mind, my girl—oh ! be perswaded ;
 I am cock-sure ;—you can't evade it ;—
 For G—d sake take the advice I give,
 'Tis for your good—'tis, as I live :
 You'll be at last the greatest winner,—
 I've no bad end,—as I'm a sinner ;—
 Do,—do,—and on bare knees I'll pray,
 You shall be in a better way ;
 You shall—you must—Cried she, hoot—hoot,
 I cannot—will not—must not do't ;
 For I've a p—ck—sticks i' my conscience ;
 I tell you now—'tis down-right nonsense ;
 It is ;—see there,—you've broke the strainer,
 Now—whether's you—or I—the gainer ?

I always

I always left it i'the tub,
 Whene'er 'twas clean'd—take it—ods bub,
 A thousand times, at least, have wash'd it,
 And now—a P--pish Pr---ft has smash'd it!
 O lud, O lud—what shall I do!
 Now—ev'ry thing o'course goes thro'—
 It will;—oh!—prithee don't—contend it;
 There's not—a—man on earth, can—mend it;
 Give o'er—get out—don't be so apish,—
 I swear, then—I will be a Papish;—
 I will, I will;—oh! oh! oh! rot him,—
 Zooks! he'll drive out my tubby's bottom,—
 Did I e'er see such a great beast!—
 —Take me—but he's an *Irish* Priest!
 Quoth he, that's true, my dear, you know;
 Quoth she, but how could'st serve me so?

F I N I S.

